THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



THE BRITISH ADVANCE: A BRIGADIER AND HIS STAFF.

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GROUPS AND FIGURES IN THE WOMEN'S WAR PROCESSION IN LONDON.

THE LATE CYRUS CUNEO.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY.

THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST.

THE BRITISH MAIN ATTACK: HACKING THROUGH TO VICTORY.

THE "U C 5."

MECHANISM OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE MINE-LAYER.

THE RECAPTURE OF ASIAGO FROM THE AUSTRIANS.

SPLENDID PROGRESS UNDER GENERAL SMUTS IN EAST AFRICA.

"THE SURREYS PLAY THE GAME!"

AIR ATTACK ON THE TURKS AT EL ARISH.

INDIAN CAVALRY IN THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.

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The Illustrated War News



THE FUNERAL OF THE NAVAL BOY HERO, JACK CORNWELL: LEAVING EAST HAM TOWN HALL.

Photograph by C.N

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THERE are two things obvious in the fighting, not merely of the West, but of the whole circle of war—and these things are such as to engender a distinctly happy feeling. The first of these is that the enemy has already had time to gauge the scope of the Allied offensives, and has stiffened his fronts to the best of his ability to check them. The second is that he has failed to check them. Exactly a month has passed since the opening of the Western offensive; close on two months since the opening of the Eastern offensive—time enough to reorganise and re-strengthen the fronts. All the same, the Western Allies press inward and the Eastern Allies press inward. At no time have the Central Powers been able to call a halt.

The fronts are moving forward with a sense of inevitability, and this sense of inevitability is founded on the strongest practical basis — the practical basis of an overwhelming artillery strength overwhelmingly supplied with shells. With these means to hand, the reduction of the enemy is automatic. It is perhaps slow, because it means that each line of works must be reduced, the defenders forced to fight on the same plane and terms as the attackers — or on slightly worse terms — with the regularised victory of the attackers and the taking over of the shell-prepared ground following. The method is, after all, an apt adaptation of the German plan of attack on Verdun; and as the Germans were able to force advances in spite of the most heroic resistance of the French, so the British, the French, and the Russians are able, and will continue able, to force advances in spite of the Germans. There are differences, however, between the present aggression and the German attempt on Verdun. These differences are in favour of the Allies. The Allies are attacking not only on fronts wider and less cramped geographically, but they are attacking from points as widely apart as the Somme and the Lipa—that is, the Allies are not attacking an enemy able to resist without distraction, as the French could resist at Verdun, but are attacking an enemy who has to pay particular attention to Poland and Galicia as well as the Somme, and who must keep a general, uneasy eye on other points of concentration also; I mean, he must watch events at Trent, in the Balkans, and in Turkey. The fruit of this distraction of power is already apparent. It is the reason why the Anglo-French advance has been able to do so much more than the German advance has been able to do at Verdun, though our advance has covered only a month to Verdun's six months of fighting. It explains why German resistance has been ineffectual before the determination of our troops, who have so far been able to attain their objectives in spite of the most anxious efforts of Germany; whereas the Germans before Verdun were not always able to attain their objectives, though they put as much power, and perhaps more, into their efforts. Germany is unable to hold the Allies because she cannot meet them on the equal and practical basis of war—that is, the basis of gun-power and man-power. The only way to stop us—each of the Allies—is to face our concentrations with equal concentrations. This Germany is obviously unable to do. She has frittered away her strength in her successes; she has extended her line until that line has drained her; she has won a burden of territorial booty that weighs too



SHOT BY THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM: CAPTAIN CHARLES FRYATT, OF THE CAPTURED G.E.R. LINER "BRUSSELS."

The shooting of Captain Fryatt, after a court-martial for an alleged attempt to ram a German submarine, has aroused intense indignation. Captain Fryatt commanded the Great Eastern Railway's steamer "Brussels," captured by German war-ships on June 23. In correspondence regarding his trial with the United States Ambassador, Sir Edward Grey said: "His Majesty's Government are of opinion that his action was perfectly legitimate. His Majesty's Government consider that the act of a merchant-ship in steering for an enemy submarine and forcing her to dive is essentially defensive, and precisely on the same footing as the use by a defensively armed vessel of her defensive armament in order to resist capture, which both the United States Government and His Majesty's Government hold to be the exercise of an undoubted right."—[*Photo. by Illus. Bureau.*]

heavily on her present strength. She is, in fact, now reaping the harvest of her victories.

She is not, of course, beaten yet—nor, perhaps, nearly beaten—for, if her fighting has been ineffectual in the past few months, it has been at least fiercely brave. In the West we have had a week's experience of the bitterest fighting, though from Germany's point of view it has been unavailing. These encounters have fallen mainly to the share of the British, and the battle has been waged about that point of strategic worth known as the village of Pozières. The enemy clung to this spot with the utmost tenacity. They had reason. It was the last bar of considerable fortification between our advancing troops and the crests of the high ground. If the British won Pozières, they would have a more open *terrain* between them and Hill 160—a short space along the Bapaume road—and, Hill 160 taken, our men would then have control of the summits that dominate the stretch of country between here and Bapaume. Pozières was defended furiously. But it was taken. After three days of the most ferocious battling, our Territorials and units of the Anzacs won the place, and pushed upward until they came beneath the crest of the hill. At the same time, our front was extended along the plateau beyond Pozières cemetery towards Thiepval, and so a threat is held out that may send the whole German line back beyond the latter village. During the week, too, and in the closest hand-to-hand fighting, our troops have worked forward at Longueval, in the Wood of Delville, and in the Guillemont area. The fighting has been that of consolidation rather than that of deliberate attack, and it has had to encounter heavy German resistance, yet it has been pressed so successfully that the whole of Delville Wood has been wrenched from the Brandenburgers who were called upon, as a last resort, to hold it; and the last houses of Longueval have been won back by us. These gains, with continued gains beyond Pozières, mark the paramountcy of our will in the fighting. The new joint advance of French and British on a front extending from Delville Wood to the Somme, and to a depth reaching to the outskirts of Maurepas, is but an entr'acte of events.



THE NEW SERBIAN MINISTER IN LONDON: M. YOVAN M. YOVANOVITCH.

M. Yovanovitch has been appointed to represent Serbia at the Court of St. James's in place of the former Minister, M. Boschkovitch.—[*Photo. by Vandyk.*]

The French have been quieter on their Somme front—indeed, ominously quiet. They have resisted in excellent fashion some enemy thrusts, and have proved that their front can stand any strain applied to it. Their own movements during the week gave them a group of heavily fortified houses south of Estrées and certain trenches north of Vermand - Ovillers, together with a number of guns, machine-guns, and prisoners. On the rest of the French line there has been a certain amount of activity, and among such minor incidents a successful trench raid by the Russians against the Germans in the Champagne country is worth noting. At Verdun the balance of events favours the French. The few German attacks have been easily broken, while our Ally continues to creep forward in the Fleury area.



THE BRITISH SPORTSMEN'S GIFT OF A HUNDRED AMBULANCES TO THE ALLIED ARMIES: "ANZAC" WOMEN CHAUFFEURS.

Thirty-five of the hundred motor-ambulances which the British Sportsmen's Ambulance Fund is providing for service on various fronts have been recently handed over by Lord Lonsdale, President of the Fund, at Carlton House Terrace. "Anzac" Women chauffeurs in uniform are shown above.—[*Photo. Sport and General.*]

The Russians have had

a notable week, and have included in it the serious discomfort of the three main enemy Powers. They have struck two very shrewd blows, one in Europe and one in Asia, and each of these blows has won them towns of singular importance in the scale of war. The European victory is the fruit of General Sakharoff's offensive on the Lutsk salient. Engaging in his third great battle in the region of the Boldurka, Slonuvka, and Styr, he has won his third victory in magnificent fashion, has pressed forward over these three rivers, and has taken Brody in his stride. Brody in itself, though on the direct railway to Lemberg, is not of violent importance, but the advance here is overhanging the Austro-German defence on the Strypa, and threatening it in a way it has not been threatened before. Pressing forward some twenty-five miles along this line, the Russians will be cutting one of the feeder railways serving, from Lemberg, von Bothmer's front. And Lemberg itself lies in peril from the menace of the swift advance. The victory, too, may give General Sakharoff an occasion to swing his right flank against the line defending the marches to Kovel. The position of the enemy in the face of this threat is not pleasant, and it is made less comfortable by the fact that the line of battle has spread northward until, on a front of eighty miles—that is, as far as the railway running from Kovel to Rovno—the Russians are breaking into the Austro-German line, are forcing their way across such important streams as the Stokhod, and are netting men and guns in lavish fashion. The whole of the enemy line is endangered in Poland and Galicia, and any moment may see a drastic and fateful retirement. The threat to the Galician front, that has held out staunchly up to this, is increased by the reassumption of movement from the Russian wing acting on the Dniester. Here the floods have held our Ally for some time, but at last General Lechitsky has gone forward again, has flung his forces towards Stanislaus, and has carried ground in brilliant fashion. At the same time, the Russians are not idle in other sectors of their front. They are keeping von Hindenburg busy enough, and are holding their lines from Riga to Baranovitchi; while on the Carpathians they already fight their way to the summits of the passes.

The Russian Asiatic campaign shows equal merit. After the Grand Duke's patient wait in Armenia, he has struck again. From Trebizond and Erzerum the attack passed onward, until, in an amazingly short space, all resistance was cleared away, and Erzingan fell in a manner almost nerveless. The brilliance of the victory must not be lost in the rapidity and smoothness of the movement: it was Staff work of the first order that gave such effectual and uncheckable results. The fall of the main Turkish depot town gives the Russians the entire command of Armenia, and it does more than this—it gives them the gates of the roads that lead to the heart of Turkey. The advance is already moving towards Sivas, and Sivas is a pivotal point of all the Ottoman East from the Black Sea to the Persian border, and from that to Mesopotamia. It seems probable that we are at the dawn of a new phase in the East, and the action of the reorganised Serbian Army, which has attacked and driven its Bulgarian enemy from strong hill positions on the Greek border, may be the first hint of that new phase. The Balkans have been quiet, but that is not a proof they will be quiet for ever.

London: July 31, 1916.



THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE BOY HERO OF JUTLAND BATTLE: JOHN CORNWELL'S COFFIN-PLATE.

Owing to his mother's lack of means, the body of John Travers Cornwell was first laid to rest in a common grave in Ilford Cemetery. It was removed and, by Government order, laid in a specially presented grave with a State funeral ceremony. The coffin name-plate, with the motto, "Faithful unto Death," is shown here.—[*Photo. by S. and G.*]



THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE BOY HERO OF JUTLAND BATTLE: HIS SHIPMATES' TRIBUTE.

On July 29 the Admiralty accorded a public funeral with naval honours to the remains of Boy John Travers Cornwell, whose superb heroism was specially mentioned in Sir John Jellicoe's despatch. His boy shipmates sent the wreath seen above.—[*Photo. by S. and G.*]

To Clear the Way for our Invincible Infantry.



"SUPER-DREADNOUGHT" PROJECTILES FOR THE GREAT BRITISH OFFENSIVE: A 15-INCH SHELL.

The enormous size and bulk of one of the big shells with which, day after day, our gunners in the Great Offensive are bombarding the enemy's fortified positions and clearing the way for our heroic infantry to attack, can be well realised by comparing the shell in the above illustration with the figure of the man close to it. One can understand the blank amazement and sheer terror with which such projectiles fill the enemy during our bombardments when these shells plough up their trench-lines, as recorded in the numerous letters and diaries found on dead Germans, or taken from prisoners, and published in the papers. The Empire may well be grateful to the munition-workers who work day and night to make such projectiles.—[*Official Photograph.*]

The French Victories on the Somme: Captured Guns.



SPOILS OF THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE: SOME OF THE NUMEROUS GERMAN GUNS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH.

These guns represent only a fraction of the large number taken by our gallant French allies. Summing up the results of the first phase of the battle on the French side, up to July 10, Mr. H. Warner Allen wrote recently, quoting a semi-official account: "In less than a fortnight the French troops, on a front 10 miles long, with a maximum depth of 6½ miles, have carried 50 square miles of fortifications. The booty amounts to: 85 guns (several of large calibre), 100 machine-guns, 26 *Minenwerfer*, 236 officers, and 12,000 men, besides large quantities of material." The French have since made further captures. On the 20th, for instance, they took 3 guns, 30 machine-guns, and 2900 prisoners.—[*Photo. by Rol.*]

The Chief Post of Danger in Artillery Work.



AN ARTILLERY OBSERVER'S "CROW'S-NEST": AN OBSERVATION-POST IN A TREE—THE FIRST PLATFORM.

A tall tree, especially in summer time, when the foliage conceals anyone within it, forms an excellent observation-post, though it is, of course, like any other such post, liable to destruction by the enemy's shell-fire. The duty of a "spotter" is always perilous. A British artillery officer, describing his work in a letter home, writes: "At length the position is ready and the guns can be brought up and coaxed into the pits made for them. . . . Forward of such a gun-position would be an observing-station. About observing-stations it would not be wise to say much lest this letter should fall into alien hands. Observing-stations are the chief posts of danger in modern artillery work, and the most careful guard is kept on their secrets."—[*Photo. by Baudouin.*]

The Kind of Men Fighting for Us.









FOUR HEROES: TWO MILITARY CROSSES; A D.S.O.; AND ONE WHO SACRIFICED HIMSELF.

Lieut. Archibald S. C. Maclaren, R.F.C. (first portrait), has won the Military Cross for descending to within 100 feet and destroying a German aeroplane just starting, and a Fokker in its hangar. Capt. W. A. Grattan Bellew, R.F.C. (second portrait), won the M.C. for attacking, on three occasions, first eight enemy 'planes, then four, then three more, destroying several and returning safely. Capt. Stuart Grant-Dalton, R.F.C. (third portrait), has the D.S.O. Seeing a British 'plane down in enemy territory, he descended and rescued the pilot. Corpl. H. Cowlin, London Rifle Brigade, was wounded and dropped his bomb, fuse alight. To save his comrades, he flung himself on the bomb, which burst and killed him.—[*Photos. by Central Press and Photopress.*]

The Annamites in France Receiving Steel Helmets.





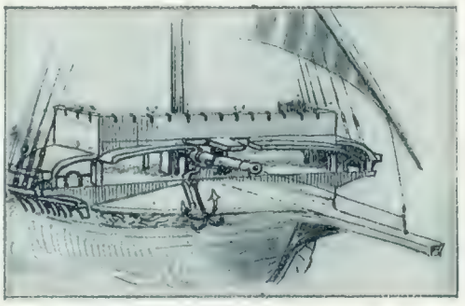
PARADED FOR INSPECTION: ANNAMITE INFANTRY WEARING THE NEW "SHRAPNEL-PROOF" HELMETS.

The French Oversea possessions are all furnishing contingents for service in Europe. Annamites from the Far East, battalions of whom serve in Tonkin and Annam, are seen in these illustrations. In the upper, infantry are being inspected after having the native conical bamboo hats replaced by steel helmets. In the lower, a lieutenant is examining the fit of the helmets. Algerian Turcos, Moroccans, and Soudanese (as we have previously illustrated) are in the French battle-line. The suggestion that we should freely utilise the fighting races in British African colonies, notably Zulus and Basutos, has been recently made in Parliament by Commander Wedgwood, M.P., just back from seeing how our "black" troops are fighting in East Africa.—[*French War Office Photograph.*]

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: WAR-SHIPS.

AMONGST the earliest fighting vessels of which we have any record are the Egyptian galleys of Rameses III., 1200 B.C., though his predecessor, Rameses II., is known to have carried on several naval campaigns. These vessels were propelled by oars operated by rowers, with sails as an auxiliary power, and steered by means of oars or paddles situated aft on either counter. In some of the earliest Egyptian illustrations of these boats a man is shown posted in a "crow's-nest," or look-out station at the top of the mast.

In later years, galleys having two or more rows or banks of oars were used, the rowers pulling the higher rows being seated higher and further inboard than those operating the oars projecting from the vessel's side lower down. A galley having two banks of oars was called a "bireme," and one having three banks a "trireme." The fighting men were stationed on a platform above the heads of the rowers, a forecastle being erected at the bows and a poop at the stern, above the level of this platform, to accommodate the catapults and other "ordnance." The archers were also stationed on these, whilst the slingers occupied the top.



A MEDITERRANEAN WAR-GALLEY: THE BEAK AND FORWARD FIGHTING "CASTLE."

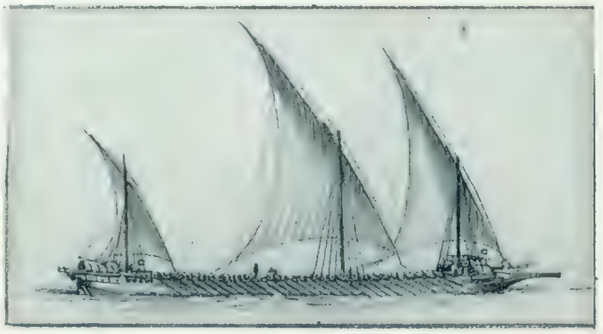
Fig. 1 shows a galley such as the Romans used in their invasion of Britain, and Fig. 2 an Attic trireme of the middle of the fourth century B.C. The length of this vessel was about 125 feet, to which must be added about 10 feet of "beak," or ram—a strong, pointed projection at the vessel's stem designed to rip open the side of a vessel attacked. Sails were used when the wind was favourable, but only oars when the vessel was in action, as rapid manœuvring was impossible with the primitive form of sail-rigging then in use.

The Romans had very powerfully propelled vessels of this class even at a very early date, a quinquereme (a vessel having five banks of oars or else five men to each oar) being used by them in the first Carthaginian War, in 256 B.C. This craft carried 300 rowers and 120 fighting men. A similar vessel of about A.D. 50 employed 400 rowers.

The Roman galleys carried a "corvus," or crow—an ingenious "boarding" device in the shape of a long gangway hinged to the bottom of the mast, and lashed to it in a vertical position until the enemy vessel was reached, when the end of the gangway was allowed to fall on the enemy's deck to provide a passage for the attacking force, whilst the spike or beak projecting from the underside of the board at its outer end embedded itself in the enemy's deck.

The first British attempt to provide a Navy was that made by Alfred the Great towards the end of the ninth century, when the incursions of the Danes became so troublesome that merchant-vessels were organised as a defence force. A Danish vessel of this period is shown in Fig. 3, and a Norman vessel such as carried William the Conqueror to England in 1066 is shown in Fig. 4.

In the reign of King John a considerable naval force was accumulated, and this force destroyed the French fleet at the battle of Damme in 1213. Four years later, a large English fleet under Hūbert de Burgh again defeated a French squadron, this result being partly due to the fact that the English ships were provided with large quantities of quick-lime, which blinded the enemy when the English attacked with the wind behind them. Fig. 5 shows the type of vessel used at that period, which did not carry cannon of any description.



IN THE GALLEY-SLAVE PERIOD: A MALTESE GALLEY OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The Mediterranean galleys continued in use till the middle of the eighteenth century. *C C* are "castles" for fighting men, fore and aft.

Sans Merci, an early thirteenth-century ship, first carried the Royal Standard to sea, emblazoned on the vessel's mainsail.

The middle of the fourteenth century saw the end of the galley as a first-line fighting unit, and larger vessels propelled by sails took its place. Fig. 6 shows a fifteenth-century vessel on which deck-cannon were used, though the archers had not as yet disappeared. The first ship built by any English monarch for fighting purposes only was a vessel of this type, the *Regent*, constructed by Henry VII. in 1485. Some writers call her the *Great Harry*.

[Continued opposite.

The Beginnings of War-Machines: Early War-Ships.



FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK TRIREME TO NELSON'S THREE-DECKERS: THE EVOLUTION OF WAR-SHIPS.

Continued.]

This may, therefore, be correctly termed the first ship of the Royal Navy. In the next illustration (Fig. 7) we see the "Henri Grace à Dieu," a two-decker built by Henry VIII., provided with port-holes through the vessel's sides. The invention of the "port-hole" revolutionised naval armament, in that it made possible the use of a number of superimposed gun-decks and consequently a very much heavier broadside. Fig. 8 shows an Elizabethan vessel such as those used against the Spanish Armada. The first three-decker constructed in England was the "Sovereign of the Seas" (Fig. 9), afterwards renamed the "Royal Sovereign," which appears to have resembled in general external features the main points of the three-decker of Nelson's time shown in Fig. 10.

A Russian Military Funeral in France.





HONOURING THE FIRST RUSSIAN OFFICER TO FALL IN FRANCE: A FUNERAL IN CHAMPAGNE.

These photographs were taken at the funeral of the first Russian officer to lay down his life for France on French soil. He was mortally wounded during a raid on German trenches, and was buried in a village cemetery in Champagne. The first photograph shows the procession, headed by two Russian "popes" (priests), one of whom (in the lower photograph) is pronouncing a valediction.

It may be recalled that a Reuter message from Paris of July 16 said: "The newspapers report that the Russian troops in France have received their baptism of fire on the Western front, and that they recently attacked the enemy's trenches and brought back a number of German prisoners, who seemed dazed at finding themselves in the hands of the Tsar's soldiers in France."—[*Photos. by C.N.*]

The Tsar's Emissary Inspects Russians in France.



INSPECTING RUSSIANS IN FRANCE FOR THE TSAR: GENERAL BELAIEFF LEAVING A DUG-OUT.

The correspondent who supplies the above photograph writes: "General Belaieff, head of the Russian General Staff, was sent by the Tsar from Petrograd to inspect and review the Russian brigade in France. General Belaieff is here seen inspecting the Russian trenches in Champagne." It was reported from Paris on the 17th that a new contingent had landed at Brest, to proceed to the front after a period of preparation in camp. The previous contingents, it will be remembered, landed at Marseilles. Part of the Champagne front is known as the Russian sector, and the Russians have already been successful there, as mentioned on the page illustrating the funeral of the first Russian officer to fall in France.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: VIII.—THE 6TH ROYAL WARWICK.

THE GHOST OF SERGEANT DAVIS.

FOUR years after the '45, when Guise's Regiment, nicknamed "Guise's Geese," now the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, was stationed at Castleton of Braewar, in Aberdeenshire (the village, by-the-bye, where Robert Louis wrote "Treasure Island"), a certain Sergeant Arthur Davis fell a victim possibly to the Highland dislike of the English troops, but chiefly, it is believed, to the cupidity of the wild clansmen. He disappeared, and for years no clue to the mystery was found. Davis was known to have gone out alone with a fowling-piece. He had money and some valuables about him, and Scott, who was interested in the affair and wrote a short account of it long after, believed that robbery was the sole motive for the murder. Be that as it may, Davis vanished, leaving no trace, on Sept. 28, 1749.

The matter was almost forgotten, when in 1754 it was suddenly revived by the extraordinary story told by Alexander Macpherson (or Macgillias), a farm-servant at Inveray, not far from Braemar, whose evidence led to the arrest of Duncan Terig, *alias* Clark, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, two Highlanders, who were tried on June 10 at Edinburgh for the murder of Davis.

Macpherson, the chief witness, who spoke only Gaelic and gave his evidence through an interpreter, deposed that one night, two years after the murder, when he was in bed in his cottage, an apparition came to him and commanded him to rise and follow it out of doors. Macpherson, fancying that his visitor was his friend and neighbour Donald Farquharson (it must have been a substantial-looking ghost, for the Farquharsons are fine men), did as he was bid. Once outside, the ghost introduced himself as the late Sergeant Davis, of Guise's Regiment, and requested Macpherson to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed at a place he pointed out, on a moorland tract known as the Hill of Christie. The shade of Davis further requested Macpherson to take with him, as assistant sexton, Donald Farquharson aforesaid.

Next day the obedient Sandy went to the place specified, where he duly discovered the bones of a human body, in no very good state of preservation, as was only to be expected. Evidently he fought shy of his task, for he did nothing. That night the Sergeant again appeared, considerably hurt, and upbraided Alexander for his breach of faith. Macpherson very prudently asked for some information as to the murderers, whereupon Davis named the prisoners at the bar. Macpherson now resolved to do his duty, summoned Farquharson, and with his help buried the remains.

[Continued overleaf.



NOT COUNTED IN THE BRITISH DESPATCHES: A GERMAN GUN TOO MUCH DAMAGED FOR REMOVAL.

Sir Douglas Haig stated in a recent despatch that, although an ever-increasing number of captured German guns had been brought in from the front during the Great Offensive, many more had been left on the field as being so damaged as to be not worth while removing.

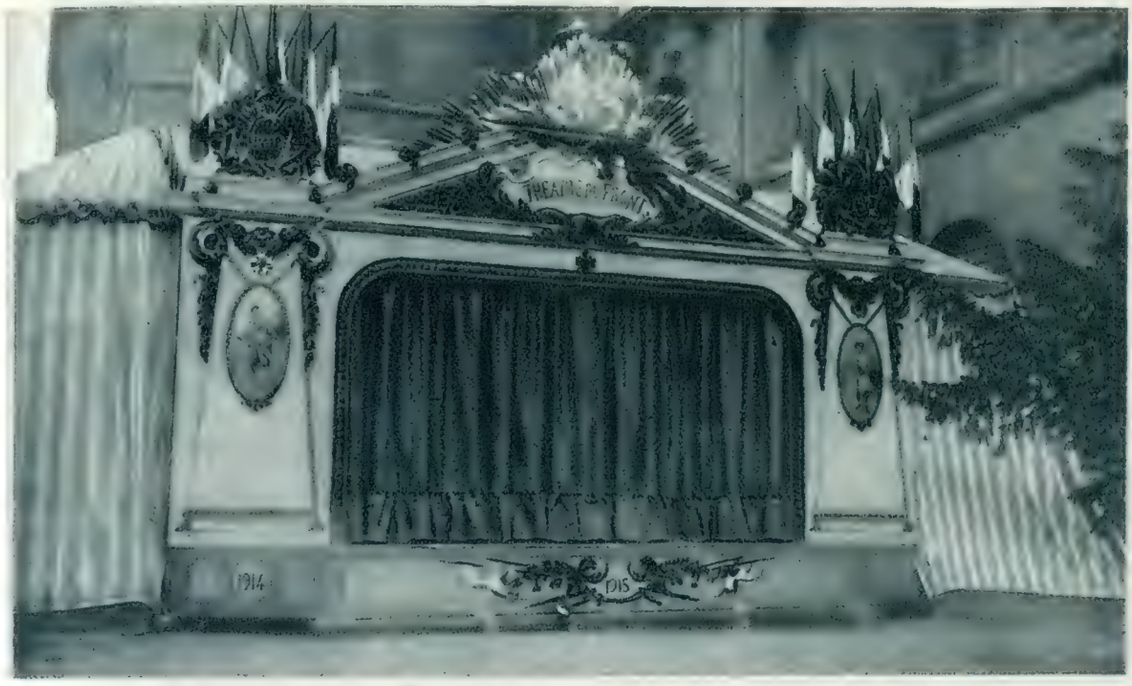
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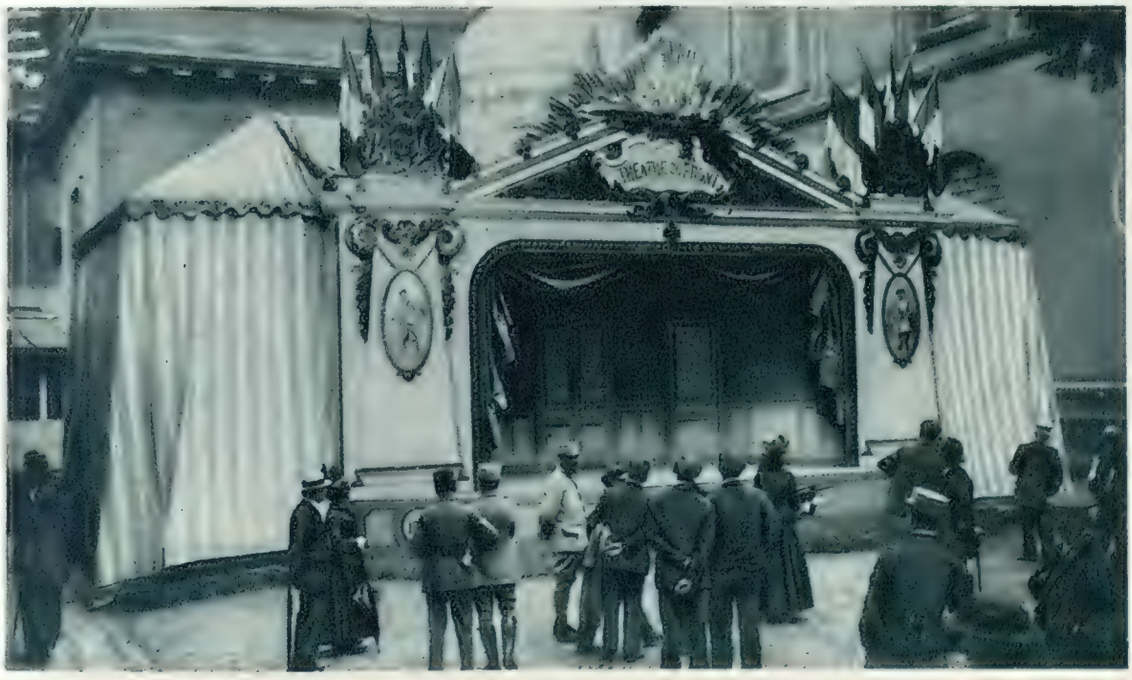


GALLANT "ANZAC" GREETS GALLANT INDIAN: AN INDIAN OFFICER D.S.O. BEING CONGRATULATED OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

An interesting touch of Imperial sentiment attaches to this snapshot, taken outside Buckingham Palace after a recent investiture of war honours by the King. It shows Captain Badan Singh, of the 34th Poona Horse, on leaving the Palace after receiving the D.S.O., being congratulated by an "Anzac."—[*Photo. by Topical.*]

A French Theatre near the Guns: "The Théâtre du Front."





DESIGNED BY THE FAMOUS ARTIST GEORGES SCOTT: A THEATRE FOR FIGHTING-MEN.

The "Théâtre du Front" is a great institution with the play-loving *poilus*, although the scenes cannot always be put upon the stage with such charm as that suggested by our photographs. With its gracefully proportioned proscenium, decorated with the national Tricolour and medallions bearing the dates 1914, 1915, and a suggestive space for the current year, it has a pretty effect and must recall to the French soldiers the gaities of their beloved Paris. Easily put together and taken down, it is as conveniently portable as it is artistic. It was designed by that clever artist M. Georges Scott, with whose admirable work readers of both the Paris "L'Illustration" and the "Illustrated London News" are pleasantly familiar.—[*French War Office Official Photographs.*]

Farquharson was next called, and corroborated Macpherson's story in every particular known to him.

Further corroboration was given by Isabel Machardie (a lady with a typical Braemar name), who slept in the same house as Macpherson and in the same room, for accommodation in Highland shielings was not palatial. Isabel testified that on the fateful night she saw the figure of a naked man enter the house and go towards Macpherson's bed. It came in in a bowing posture, and frightened Isabel so much that she drew the bedclothes over her head. She could not identify the ghost, whose lack of apparel, by the way, does not seem to have been noted by either of the two gentlemen concerned. In the morning she asked Macpherson what it was that had troubled them the night before, and he replied that she might be easy, for it would trouble her no more.

So far, so good; but the Court was inclined to treat the case for the prosecution as rather ludicrous. More suspicious was the alleged fact that some of Davis's valuables had been seen in the possession of Messrs. Duncan Terig, *alias* Clark, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, the panels at the bar. The defence naturally fastened on the ghost story as excellent material for cross-examination, and the wits of the Parliament House, as is their way, got in their fine work upon it.

COUNSEL (*cross-examining Macpherson*): What language did the ghost speak?

MACPHERSON (*who knew no English*): As good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber.

COUNSEL: Pretty well for the ghost of an English sergeant."

This was the trump-card for the prisoners. The jury thereupon acquitted them both, although the Court, their counsel, and solicitors were perfectly convinced of their guilt. Scott criticises counsel's point as unsound, remarking that, admitting the apparition, we know too little of the other world to judge whether all languages may not be alike familiar to those who belong to it. Sir Walter believed that Macpherson, unwilling to play the direct informer, got up his story to save his face. But such a passion for justice to an English soldier is improbable in a Highlander of that date. Three years had elapsed after Macpherson saw the ghost before proceedings were taken, and nothing would have been done but for a retired Army officer named Small, who forced on the case. Small was so angry with Lockhart, prisoners' counsel, an ardent Jacobite, that next day he drew his sword upon him in Parliament Close. For this he was committed by the Lords of Session, and was only released on making an abject apology. There in farce ended one of the most curious cases in the annals of Scottish justice.



MOVING UP TO SHELL THE GERMAN THIRD-LINE TRENCHES: A BRITISH FIELD-ARTILLERY BATTERY GOING FORWARD.

The field-artillery battery shown here is one whose shells have been raining down on and destroying the German first and second line trenches. The gunners are now seen on the move forward to come into action ahead and shell the German third-line trenches.

Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reservea.



THE FOOD SUPPLY OF OUR TROOPS IN ACTION: REGIMENTAL PARTIES LOADING UP RATIONS AT A "DUMP."

Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.

Music after Victory: The Skirl of the Pipes.



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF LONGUEVAL: THE BAND OF THE BLACK WATCH PLAYS TO THE TROOPS.

The capture of Longueval was a feat of military importance, as well as the occasion of splendid courage on the part of our gallant troops, and there was every reason for the band of the Black Watch further to hearten their comrades on their return by the strains of their stirring national music. The subject is worthy of the brush of an artist, as well as the realisation of the scene by the camera. The beautiful, peaceful background, with trees, would have appealed to Corot; and the gallant show of brave troops Meissonier would not have disdained to immortalise on canvas. The grim mouth of a trench emphasises the pastoral peace of the landscape, and the martial figures complete a remarkable camera-picture.—[*Official Photograph; issued on behalf of the Press Bureau.*]

An Arm which is Now Coming into Its Own in the West.





OUR CAVALRY GETTING THEIR DAY ONCE MORE: DRAGOON GUARDS CHARGING.

Dragoon Guards charging the enemy, with their sabres held ready to thrust when they get to close quarters, are shown in the upper illustration. It was very much like that, with sabres out, that the troop of Dragoon Guards pressed forward when they made their dashing and highly successful attack the other day on German infantry in a cornfield in the cavalry fight on July 14 between High Wood and Longueval, in company with a troop of Indian cavalry. The Indian horsemen, as a "Times" correspondent relates, went at the enemy with the lance; the Dragoon Guards with the sabre. In the lower illustration a patrol of British cavalry scouts is seen setting off to reconnoitre. — [*Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

Now Beginning to Join in the Great Offensive.





OUR CAVALRY RESUMING THEIR RÔLE: A PATROL WHILE ENGAGED IN A MUSKETRY SKIRMISH.

Men of a cavalry section on detached duty, part of them dismounted and sent forward on foot to engage an enemy force with musketry a little way in advance, are seen in the first illustration. The troopers shown here are waiting in rear of the attackers, in charge of the horses of their dismounted comrades, to see after the horses until the others return, or the order be given to ride on ahead up to the firing squad for the attacking party to mount again where they are. In the second illustration a dismounted party is seen doubling out in advance with their carbines, just after getting down from their horses, which have been left with the squad of their comrades, as the photograph shows, to the right in rear.—[*Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

An Arm Now Coming into Its Own



READY TO REPEAT THE LESSONS OF AUGUST 1914

Our British cavalry are now at last, it has become evident, on the eve of once more taking the field in force and giving the enemy a taste of their quality, as they did on more than one occasion in the autumn of 1914. That our horsemen will come into their own with equal *éclat* in the coming days may be taken for granted. In proof of that we have the official story

Its Own on the West: British Cavalry.



F AUGUST 1914: GOING FORWARD OVER ROUGH GROUND.

giving the will come icial story

of what happened the other day. The little "scrap" in the cornfields near Contalmaison on July 14, when Dragoon Guards and Indian cavalry rode down with sabre and lance a well-posted force of the enemy with machine-guns and cut them up badly, triumphantly returning with prisoners, may be taken as a sample of what is in store for the enemy.—[*Photo. C.N.*]

In the Attack on the German Second Line.





AUTOMATIC RIFLES THAT ARE DOING USEFUL SERVICE: THE LEWIS AND THE HOTCHKISS.

A trench incident during the battle in front of Ovillers, in Sir Douglas Haig's attack on the German second-line positions, is shown in the upper illustration. Ovillers was very strongly fortified, and was stubbornly held for some time by a battalion of the Prussian Guard. A British soldier is seen firing with a Lewis automatic rifle, which can discharge three hundred and more aimed shots a minute. Weighing only twenty-nine pounds, it is easily portable by infantry. It is an air-cooled weapon, and is "fed" in action, as seen above, by means of a "drum" of cartridges attached over the breech-mechanism. In the lower illustration a cavalry trooper is firing with a Hotchkiss automatic rifle.—[*Official Press Bureau Photographs. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

British Cavalry Scout against German Airman.



USING A HOTCHKISS AUTOMATIC RIFLE FROM A SHELL-HOLE: AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

German airmen at the front are well advised to fly high, as they are reported to be doing consistently. In many places, expert marksmen are to be found lying in wait, on the look out to wing them. This often happens in localities where there are no anti-aircraft guns available in the immediate neighbourhood. Our illustration shows a place where unsuspected danger for an enemy airman, flying probably unawares till too late within range of musketry, is found lurking on occasion. The British cavalryman shown using a Hotchkiss automatic rifle is a member of a scouting party and has sighted a German aeroplane within range. He is making use of a high-explosive shell-hole in the road as cover.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

On a Battlefield in the Great Offensive.





HOW BRITISH SOLDIERS BIVOUAC! IN DUG-OUTS IN CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES.

How our troops in present-day warfare bivouac on their field of battle is well suggested in this pair of illustrations. Some of our heroic men now in the midst of the Great Offensive are seen resting on the scene of their victories; during an interval between attacks burrowing in the former dug-outs of the German trenches while shells of the German reply artillery fire are bursting all round. The rabbit-hole-like formation of some of the dug-out entrances is noticeable in the upper illustration. In the second, the concreted roof over one entrance may be observed—incidentally also the wrappings over the muzzles of our men's rifles, which serve to provide protection against rain or heavy night dews.—[*Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

Heroes of the Maple Leaf: On the Canadian front.





WITH THE GALLANT CANADIANS: A BATTALION HEADQUARTERS; AND MINE-SHAFT AIR-PUMPING.

The upper photograph shows the solid construction of the sand-bag defences at a battalion headquarters on the Canadian front. Outside the dug-out will be noted an ingeniously constructed garden seat which, in shape, is reminiscent of Hyde Park. In the lower photograph some French Canadians in the trenches are seen employed in pumping air into a mine-shaft. The Canadian troops, it is hardly necessary to recall, have displayed magnificent fighting qualities ever since they first went out to the Front. Their heroic deeds in more than one battle near Ypres are not, and never will be, forgotten. It was stated recently that the Canadian Minister of Militia, General Sir Sam Hughes, would be arriving in London before long.

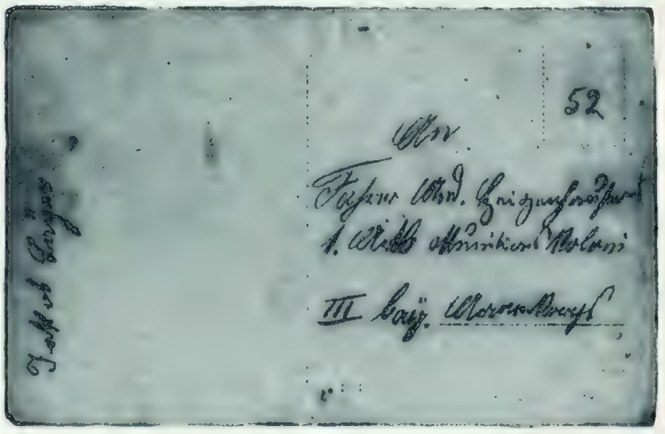
[*Canadian Official Photographs. Government Copyright reserved.*]

THINGS DONE: VIII.—THE ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS.

IF you have a large American imagination, and can dream dreams of the biggest kind of Store doing a trade beyond the visions of millionaires in every kind of goods from howitzers to tablets of soap; if you can screw your imagination up a trifle more, can see this Biggest Emporium on Earth keeping the books for six or more million customers, and delivering its goods, carriage in advance to Mombassa as easily as Aldershot, and to the Tigris as easily as to Tyneside, and doing this not by way of exception, but as a regular every-day-of-the-week habit — if you can grasp just the broad and magnificent effect of this Largest Universal Provider bar None, then you are just beginning to know something of the work of the Army Ordnance Corps.



CAROUSING IN THE HOUSE OF GOD: GERMANS DESECRATING A CHURCH ALTAR—A PICTURE POST-CARD.



WRITTEN BY A GERMAN EVIDENTLY PROUD OF IT: THE ADDRESS SIDE OF THE PICTURE CARD ABOVE.

The picture post-card of which both sides are here reproduced, illustrates a flagrant case of quite needless desecration of churches by the Germans. The card was taken from a prisoner of the 21st Bavarian Reserve Regiment.

It is hard to realise the A.O.C.—in fact, there are quite a number of people who have to be told of its existence. This is because the Corps remains in the background — too busy to come forward, maybe — and also because many are inclined to give credit to the Army Service Corps for the blessings the A.O.C. send. This is unfair. The A.S.C. only carries the goods; it is the A.O.C. usually finds the goods to carry. All equipment and stores, from gun-parts to "housewife," are provided by the A.O.C., and, more often than not, packed and despatched by the A.O.C. Take a soldier to pieces, and though his body is certainly his own and hasn't been indented for on an A.O.C. memo in the recognised A.O.C. style ("Body, private of the line, one"—would be the correct entry), the rest of him is all A.O.C. Boots' puttees, clothes, kit, first-aid dressing, buttons, shoulder-plates, cap, rifle, cartridges—all the civilisation of him comes from the Biggest Stores on earth, which are the A.O.C. stores—unlimited.

The A.O.C. lives a hurried life in its vast central depôts trying to keep pace with all the wants of the Army, trying to keep its stocks up to "Great Reduction Sale" standard. But even that is not enough. It ties itself into knots all over the country; and wherever you go, to the towns that ship munitions, to the towns that victual troops, to the camps and the barracks and the billeting centres, you will find in each the little knot—that is, the A.O.C.—working miracles daily, keeping the stores and the equipment of fighting men up to fighting trim, and doing it all with a sleight of hand that makes it seem so simple that the soldier grumbles when anything goes wrong.

And supply isn't enough. The A.O.C. has the bump of economy largely developed. The A.O.C. repairs, makes worn equipment good, makes new lamps out of old. They have the war-saving habit in the large way that brings balm to the soul of Chancellors of the Exchequer. To-day armies do not scrap those things that seem past repairing, as in the bad days of old. They simply send those things along to the A.O.C.; the A.O.C. again performs miracles, and returns the things as new. There are whole battalions of the A.O.C. enlisted to do the science of economic renovation on discarded things. Cobblers—many of them serenely

[Continued overleaf.

The Great Offensive: Indian Cavalry and Cyclists.





INDIANS WHOSE TURN IS NEAR AT HAND: LANCERS; AND A CYCLIST SECTION.

In the upper illustration a detachment of Indian cavalry in France, "somewhere" close to the fighting front during the Great Offensive now so successfully breaking through the German defence lines, are seen at a halt. They are wearing, it will be noted, the steel helmet worn by all in action or about to go under fire. They carry long bamboo lances, the typical arm of our Indian horsemen, in the handling of which in action no cavalry in the world can surpass them. The Germans on the Western Front are likely to find our Indian horse no less redoubtable antagonists in hand-to-hand fight than the dreaded Cossacks of our Russian ally. Indian cyclist riders are shown in the lower illustration. — [*Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

over age—deal with all the boots an army of millions wears out or kicks out. Tailors do the same for old uniforms; harness-makers do the same for old kit. Indeed, you cannot, with the greatest ingenuity in the world, make anything altogether useless in this war. Cycle-smiths, sail-



WITH ALTAR AND CHANCEL DAMAGED BY SHELL-FIRE: THE CHOIR OF A BOMBARDED CHURCH IN ARTOIS.

Photograph by C.N.

makers, carpenters, tinsmiths, motor-mechanics, wheelwrights, armourers, and the rest, have all been drafted into the A.O.C. to make whole the things that have been broken. The organisation is marvellous. Nothing is scrapped that can be mended. The great motor-repair depôts deal with broken-down lorries as surely and as completely as they deal with Staff automobiles that have encountered shells not wisely but too well. Battered cycles are no longer thrown into ditches, but taken to those who know their ways, and are repaired. From field-guns to fountain-pens the A.O.C. ranges in its passion for replacement and repair.

The officer and the private of the A.O.C. are specialists each of their kind. The officers generally find themselves destined by their curious attainments to the ranks of the Corps, the privates are enlisted from their trades. Being specialists, they lend themselves and their services to the battalions who have not their talents, and so the armourer-sergeants that mend the rifles of the line are sergeants of the Ordnance Corps.

Rifles and guns and shells come naturally under the A.O.C.'s wide vision of industry. Woolwich has been its sanctuary since the time of autocratic Kings and old and curious prints, for the old and curious prints are in existence to prove that the A.O.C. existed in early days as the workers in explosives and the makers of guns. As early as 1418 there was a "Clerk of the Ordinance," and since then he has sometimes been a clerk and sometimes a General, a civilian at times and at times a soldier, and the A.O.C. has led a worried life with a variety of masters. Still, it has always done well enough, and it has always worked hard. In peace it not only provided for armies who must live and fire off musketry courses and run through suits of clothes, but it had to prepare for war. The whole means of war had to be stored and set by, so that when war came the armies could fight; so that when recruits came and reserves were called up they could be instantly equipped and sent out to battle, or to training for battle. And while there is a war there are no trading limits to the Corps. Where there are men needing bayonets or buttons, to those men must the Corps send the goods. The whole German Empire is ringed round with the Branch



WRECKED IN THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME: THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT FRISE.

Frise, which lies just south of the Somme, between Bray and Péronne, was one of the first villages captured by the French in the great Franco-British offensive on the Western Front.

Photograph by Rol.

Establishments of the A.O.C.; and possibly the German Empire, with its eye on this fact, is very much in earnest in its desire for military Tariff Reform. W. Douglas Newton.

Picking Up the Wounded—and After.





SCENES OF MERCY: THE R.A.M.C. IN THE WEST; THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN HOSPITAL AT PETROGRAD.

Our first photograph shows the R.A.M.C. at work in the West, picking up soldiers who have been wounded in the "Great Push" which has lately been of such engrossing interest, and of such unquestionable value to the Allied Forces. The Red Cross ambulance wagons are seen in an environment of broken trees and shattered walls inevitable in war, amid which the Royal Army Medical Corps does its splendid work. Our second photograph shows Lady Muriel Paget (in grey, on right), in one of the wards of the Anglo-Russian Hospital, in the Dmitri Palace, Petrograd. Lady Muriel Paget is Honorary Organising Secretary of the Anglo-Russian Hospital, 32, Victoria Street, S.W.—[*Photo. No. 1, Official, issued on behalf of the Press Bureau; No. 2, by Steinberg, Petrograd.*]

Striving for "A Speedy and Decisive Victory": The C.-in-C.



LEADER OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE: SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (RIGHT); WITH GENERAL RAWLINSON.

It is appropriate now to recall Sir Douglas Haig's appeal to munition-makers to forego the August holiday promised instead of Whitsuntide. After expressing the Army's high appreciation of the self-sacrifice of the workers at home, he said: "The continuous supply of ammunition is a vital factor. . . . Let the whole British nation forego any idea of a general holiday until our goal is reached. A speedy and decisive victory will then be ours!" He is also reported to have said, in an interview, to Senator Henry Bérenger: "The supreme decisions of the war are on the battlefields of the West; it is there that we must impose a peace that is worth the price we shall have paid for it."—[*Official Press Bureau Photograph taken during the British Advance.*]

Victors of the Somme: Two famous French Generals.



ORGANISERS OF THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE ON THE SOMME: GEN. FOCH (RIGHT) AND GEN. FAYOLLE.

General Foch, who did such brilliant work in the Battle of the Marne and in subsequent operations, has had the chief direction of the great French offensive. "General Fayolle," writes Mr. H. Warner Allen, "commands the army of the Somme, which is one of the group of armies commanded by General Foch. General Fayolle had reached the age limit before the outbreak of war, and was actually on the retired list. . . . While General Pétain, the hero of Verdun, has followed step by step General de Castelnau in his commands and promotions, General Fayolle has . . . followed in the steps of General Pétain. He held a command in the French offensive in Artois in May last year, and in Champagne in September."—[*French War Office Official Photograph.*]

A German "O. Pip"—Somewhat Out of Repair.



DAMAGED BY OUR FIRE IN THE ADVANCE: A GERMAN OBSERVATION-POST IN MAMETZ WOOD.

The capture of the Mametz Wood was announced in a British official despatch of July 12. Writing on the same day, of this "battle of the woods," Mr. Philip Gibbs said: "Some of these places are but a few shell-slashed trees serving as land-marks, but Bailiff Wood, Mametz Wood, Bernafay Wood, and Trones Wood are still dense thickets under heavy foliage hiding the enemy's troops and our own, but giving no protection from shell-fire. It is for these woodlands on high ground that our men have been fighting with the greatest gallantry . . . these woods are the way to the second bastion of the German stronghold." Among our own troops artillery observation-posts are nicknamed "O. Pips."—[*Official Press Bureau Photograph. Crown Copyright reserved.*]

A Cornish Link with the Past Retained in War-Time.



A PICTURESQUE OLD CUSTOM AT ST. IVES: THE "OLD HUNDREDTH" AT THE JOHN KNILL OBELISK.

More than a hundred years ago one John Knill, a prominent citizen of St. Ives, left a sum of money to perpetuate his memory by the erection of an obelisk and the distribution of sums of money every five years. The ceremony was carried out again last week, children and aged widows dancing round the memorial and singing, to the playing of a fiddler. Various sums of £5 and £10 were distributed, and the "Old Hundredth" was sung, as shown in our photograph. It is interesting to notice that the coat of arms on the obelisk bears a lion rampant, as does the coat of arms of the Sir John Knill of to-day, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1909-10; but the Lord Mayor's coat of arms has also the fasces, token of authority.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

THOUGH women have been working on the land ever since Eve first learnt what was really meant by "division of labour," it took a European war and a whole lot of "high-explosive" speeches about scarcity of food and the necessity of preserving our export trade in edible commodities, before the British farmer could be brought to realise that the employment of female labour on his farm would not immediately set him on the path that leads to ruin. But then farmers are a conservative class; a class, moreover, who have brought grumbling to the level of a fine art; so that perhaps it is not to be wondered at that when the cry of women for the land was first raised they were amongst its most bitter opponents. Even now, though a great many of them are quite ready to enlist the services of women, there are not a few who hint darkly at reduced turnip supplies or an inferior crop of mangel-wurzels as though it were directly due to their presence; and it only needs a little encouragement for them to attribute the poor plum prospect to the same cause.

. . . .

The late President of the Board of Agriculture said some time ago that turnips were as important as shells. The country, however, was rather slow to realise that women could be as useful in helping to grow the one as they had proved themselves capable of making the other. The popular notion of women in relation to work on the land prevalent before August 1914 seems to have been limited to a dairymaid in the flowered print and sun-bonnet of a bygone time, or a girl weeding an immaculate garden path. Of course, there were women farmers and nursery gardeners before the war, as well as those who kept poultry and bred stock. But they were exceptions, and if the truth were told, regarded as rather eccentric specimens of their sex. The woman farm-labourer, versed in the rudiments of general farm-work, was practically unknown.



THE DAY OF THE WOMAN DOCTOR: AN M.D. IN HER UNIFORM.

Not so long ago the woman doctor was, as it were, fighting for recognition, but the war has brought the value, and need, of her services equally to the front. Forty qualified ladies have been chosen for regular service in Army hospitals. It is the first time women have been thus requisitioned. The uniform chosen for them is practical but not unfeminine—except in the very desirable detail that it is well supplied with pockets!—[*Photo. by Photopress.*]

. . . .

But many prejudices have been laid aside during the last twenty months or so, and there has now sprung up in the country a corps of land Amazons armed with hoe and rake, and scythe and pruning-knife, ready to go where duty and the farmer calls, and their usefulness is not by any means limited to waging war on dock and nettle, "or doing a little weeding," or keeping flower-beds tidy. The land army is out for "business" in the strictest sense of the word, and there are few branches of farming or horticulture, ploughing not excepted, in which it is not ready to lend a hand. Some of its members are employed in the care of live stock, others have shown that the manipulation of the plough and the harrow are not beyond the capacity of an intelligent, though female, human being. Market-gardening has claimed others: the number of lady expert pea and bean pickers, fruit-grafters, and vegetable-packers is growing more numerous every day. Others, again, devote their energies to rearing poultry, or the money-making goat, or occupy themselves in the multifarious duties connected with dairy-farming; from all of

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WOMEN CHEMISTS: TWO CLEVER WORKERS IN THEIR LABORATORY.

These ladies, Miss E. J. Smith (right) and Miss Markham (left), are seen conducting the final tests in the manufacture of a certain disinfectant. They control large works and hope to obtain a Board of Trade certificate to use a certain process in the production of a disinfectant used in the trenches. Miss Smith is a B.Sc. in engineering, of Edinburgh University, and Miss Markham took Honours in Chemistry at Oxford.—[*Photo. by L.N.A.*]

Women Fruit-Farmers in Hertfordshire.







PLEASANT; PROFITABLE; PATRIOTIC: ON A FRUIT-FARM AT LETCHMORE HEATH, NEAR ST. ALBANS.

A large land-owner in Hertfordshire, Mr. Phillimore, has converted many acres of his property into a typical fruit-farm, and, what is specially typical of these war-days, only girls are employed on the land. They live a thoroughly healthy and pleasant life in the open air; do their work well; and have their meals in huts. Our first photograph shows some of them planting acres of ground with fruit-trees, and looking healthy and happy in their new work and unconventional dress. No. 2 shows one of the girls putting on her puttees for a comrade; and in No. 3 we see some girls bringing in material for cuttings to be made in their huts. The experiment has been made with girls largely drawn from East London, and has proved very satisfactory.—[*Photos. by Photopress.*]

which it will be seen that there is no place for the dilettante worker in the ranks of the land army.

. . . . . .

As a witty cartoonist recently pointed out, "Marian, Marian, utilitarian," is the exact antithesis of "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," of other days, whom she has entirely or almost entirely superseded. She is an outcome of the war, though her services are not necessarily restricted to its duration; and, as befits the stern necessity that called her into being, she is animated with a severely business-like spirit. You see her on the land in her "war" dress of breeches and gaiters, which, strangely enough, becomes her just as well as the more conventional skirt of peace time. She deals with soils and turnips and cattle-food mixtures with the same skill that she used to lavish on wood-carving or golf, and her work, like that of her munition-making sister, is of infinite value to the country. Her job is not in any sense a "soft" one. To get up at four and work steadily at hoeing, picking, pitching, planting, and packing, or any other farm-work for ten hours a day and sleep on a straw mattress in a barn at the end of it, is no light feat for women accustomed to the ordinary comforts of well-run homes—for the land army is by no means recruited solely from the industrial classes. College graduates, women of leisure, daughters of professional men, women who have given up lucrative employment at their country's call, are amongst those who have thrown aside the frock of peace for the brown drabbet overalls of war. Some of them have volunteered for the holiday season, others until the declaration of peace; to not a few the work offers a prospect of a comfortable livelihood derived from new potatoes and cabbages and cucumbers all in a row, long after the need for munitions has ceased to exist.



A NEW USE FOR A GOLF CLUB HOUSE: QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORKERS, AT WOLDINGHAM.

Members of that most excellent society, "Queen Mary's Needlework Guild," have done invaluable work for the wounded, and our photograph shows a number of them busily engaged in the Golf Club House at Woldingham making swabs, bandages, dressings, and garments for our wounded in the various war hospitals.—[*Photo. by Underwood and Underwood.*]

. . .

Experts are always telling us that England must grow more food, and "Marian" is now held in such esteem in official circles that the Board of Agriculture has been emphasising the need for her permanent presence in the ranks of the land-worker. A good deal of the valuable work she has already done would have been impossible had it not been for the initiative and energy of the National Political Reform League, who organised the National Land Council as soon as it became apparent that there would be a call for women's services in this direction. Patriotic landowners made a generous response to the request that they should admit women to work on their farms in order that later on they might be fit to replace Hodge at the harrow.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



"'I'M GOING A-MILKING, SIR,' SHE SAID": DAIRY-FARMING BEING TAUGHT AT AN ESSEX SCHOOL.

Women's work on the land has passed into an accepted fact brought about by the war. The Essex Women's War Agricultural Association, of which Lady Petre, of Thorndon Hall, Brentwood, is president, is doing useful work in this direction. Our picture shows a class of boys and girls assembled for their first lesson in milking a cow, which stands patiently enough with an air of sleepy superciliousness which is not without its amusing side. The work, however, is very practical and useful in the present shortage of labour.—[*Photo. by Alfieri.*]

Honouring the Boy Hero of the Great Sea-fight.



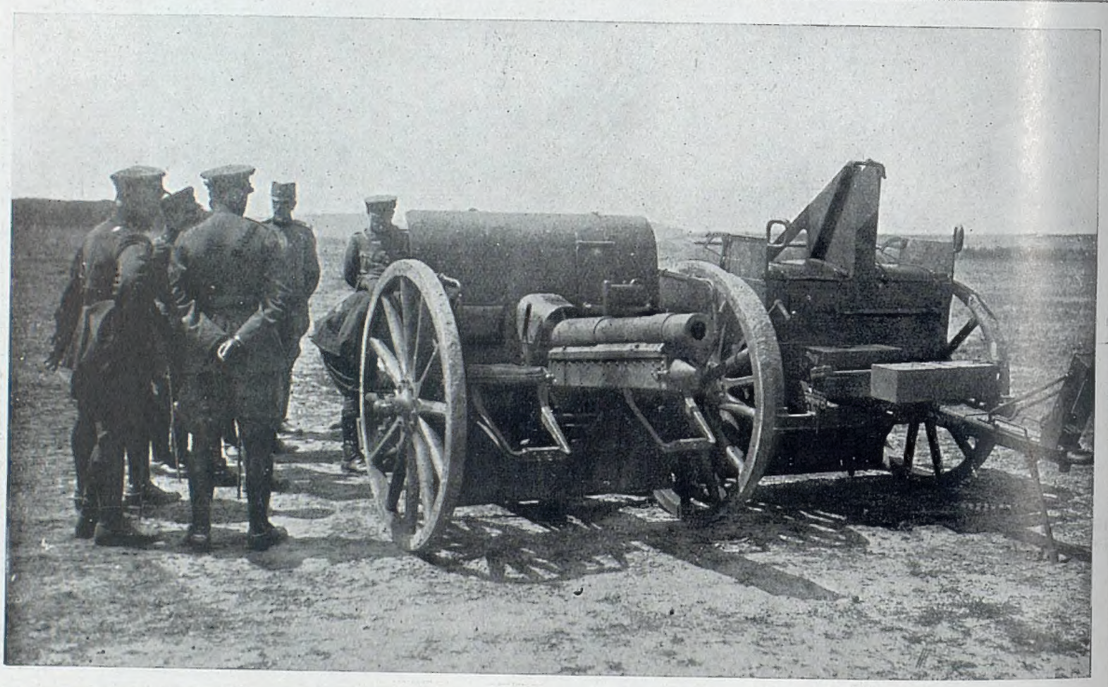


"THIS GRAVE SHALL BE THE BIRTHPLACE OF HEROES": THE FUNERAL OF JACK CORNWELL.

The upper photograph shows bluejackets carrying wreaths, and the lower one the procession in the High Street, East Ham, on July 29, when John Travers Cornwell, of H.M.S. "Chester," whose heroism in the Battle of Jutland was mentioned in Admiral Beatty's report, was reburied in Manor Park Cemetery. East Ham was his native place. Six boys from the "Chester," who were in the battle, carried wreaths from the ship. Among many other floral tributes was one from Admiral Beatty. The coffin was covered with the White Ensign. The Bishop of Barking conducted the service. At the graveside, Dr. Macnamara, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, in a moving address, said: "This grave shall be the birthplace of heroes."—[*Photos. by Central Press and News Illustrations Co.*]

The New Belgian Army Ready for the Field.

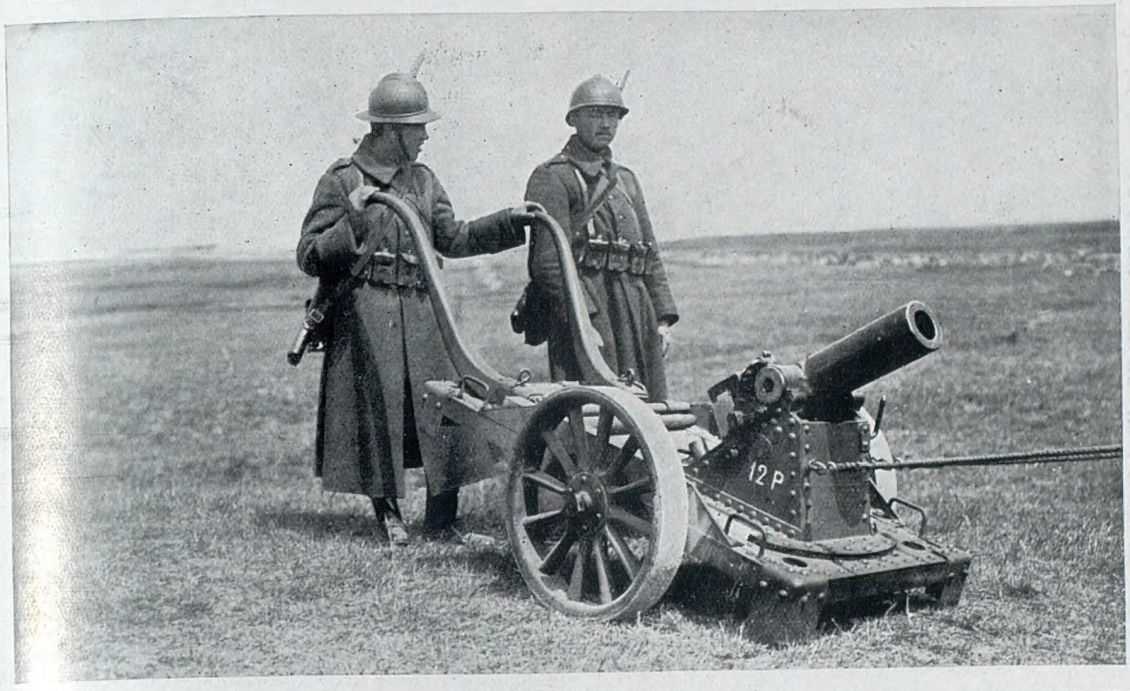


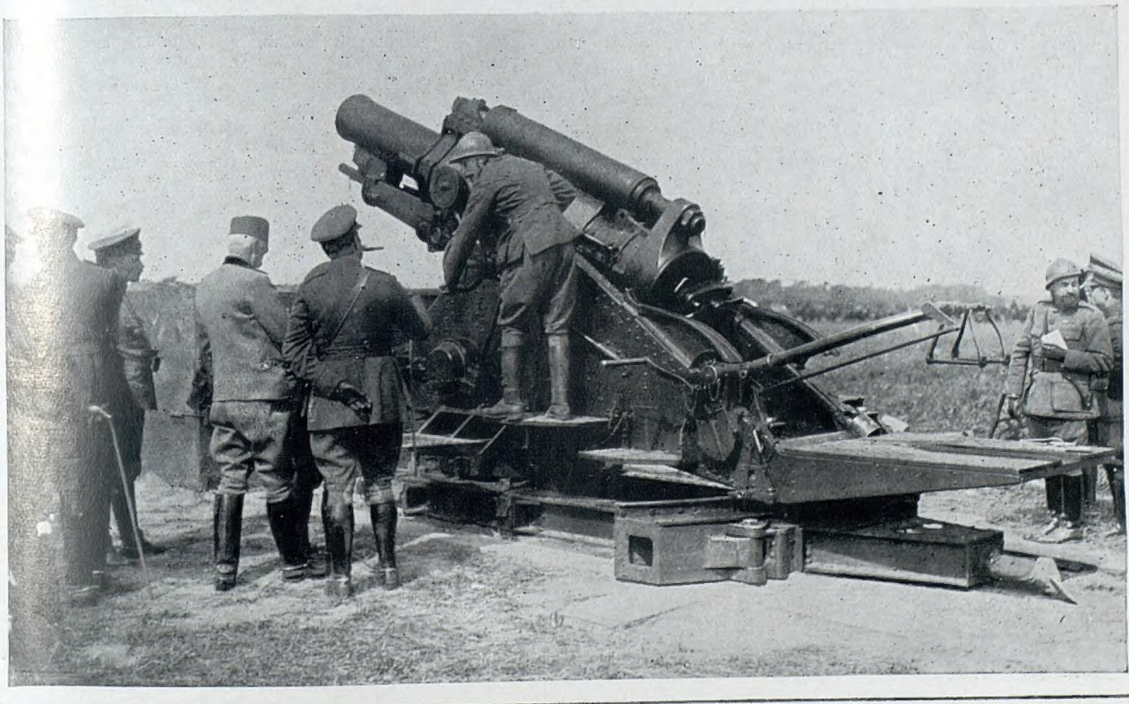


ARTILLERY TYPES: ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND AN EX-PRUSSIAN-GUARD GUN.

A Belgian battery of 75-mm. (2·9-inch) anti-aircraft guns, with their field carriages, are seen in the upper illustration. They are mounted on special pedestals, on which the guns are swivelled so as to be readily trained to point to any quarter right round the horizon. In the lower illustration is shown an ex-German field-gun of 105 mm. (4-inch), one of the larger-calibre field-pieces originally served out to the batteries of the artillery of the Prussian Guard, and turned over to the Belgian Army by the French, who captured several batteries of such pieces, brand-new and intact, in Champagne. They constitute a valuable addition to the new artillery with which the reorganised Belgian Army is already amply provided.—[*Photos. supplied by Topical.*]

The New Belgian Army Ready for the Field.

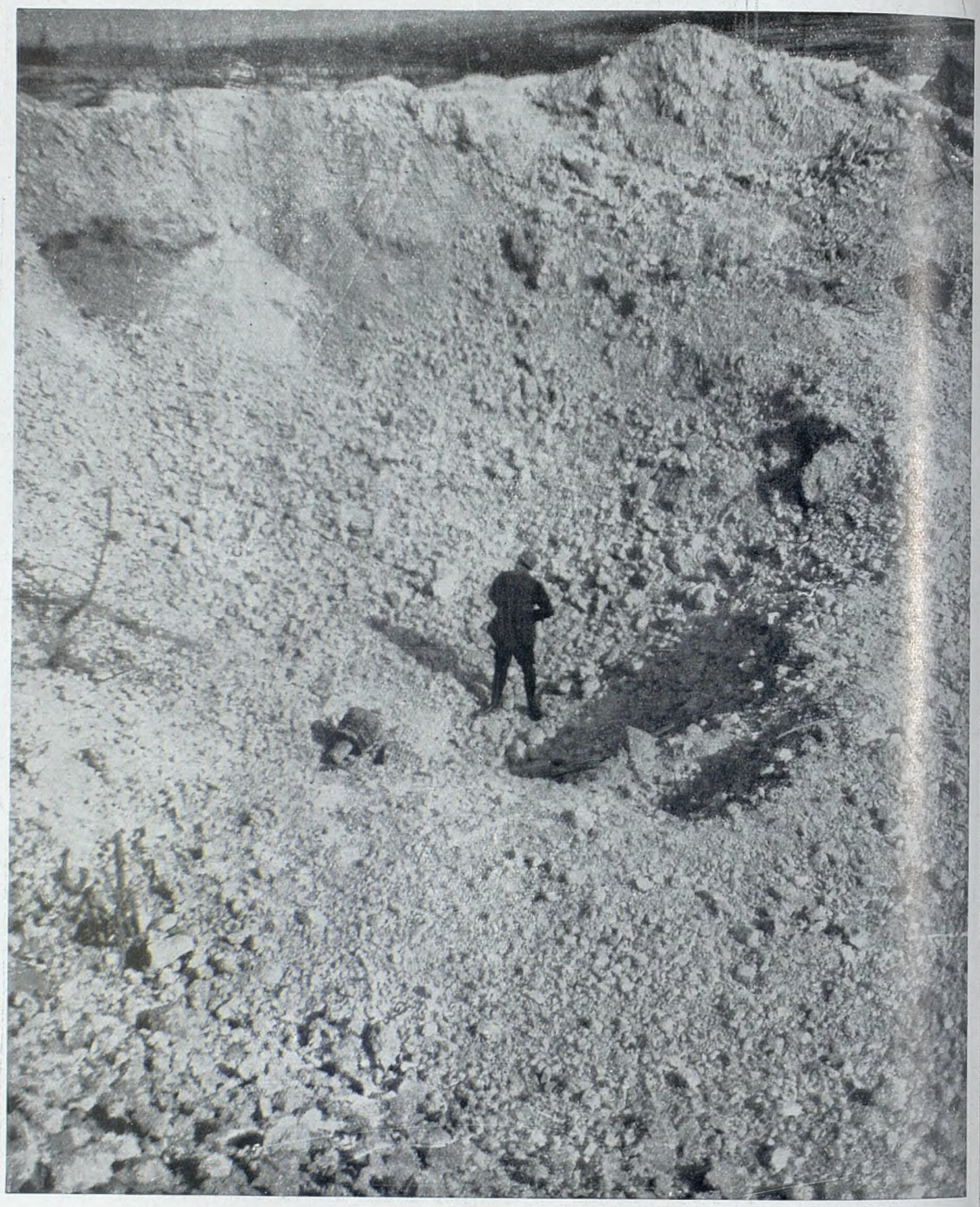




ARTILLERY TYPES: 75-MM. (2·9-INCH) MORTAR, AND 210-MM. (8-INCH) HOWITZER, MADE IN ENGLAND.

The gun in the upper illustration is a 75-mm. (2·9-inch) mortar of a new and powerful pattern, with which the Belgian Army, now fit and "ready to go anywhere and do anything" in the regaining of its native land, has been supplied. Such pieces are available for use either in the trenches or for holding or attacking fortified village positions like those the British have been victoriously fighting among in the Great Offensive during the past month. These mortars can be easily man-handled on their light trolley carts, as seen. The gun in the lower illustration is a Belgian 210-mm. (8-inch) howitzer, of the latest type, one of a number of these hard-hitting weapons which have been constructed in England specially for King Albert's Army.—[*Photos. supplied by Topical.*]

A Giant Mine on the Western Front.



LIKE A QUARRY, OR A VOLCANO: A CRATER FORMED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A BRITISH MINE.

This might be taken at first glance for a picture of a man clambering up the side of a quarry, or exploring a volcano—it is the photograph of a part of one side of a mine-crater on the Western Front after being blown up. The figure helps in giving an idea of the enormous depth and area of the cavity resulting from an explosion. A letter in the papers recently described the blowing-up of an exceptionally huge mine, for which it had taken many days' labour to excavate the galleries. It spoke of the anxiety of our men in the trenches, during its being dug, lest the enemy should find out prematurely what was going on. As things turned out, their anxiety proved unfounded. The enemy remained totally unaware of its existence until it was exploded.—[*Photo. by C.N.*]

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